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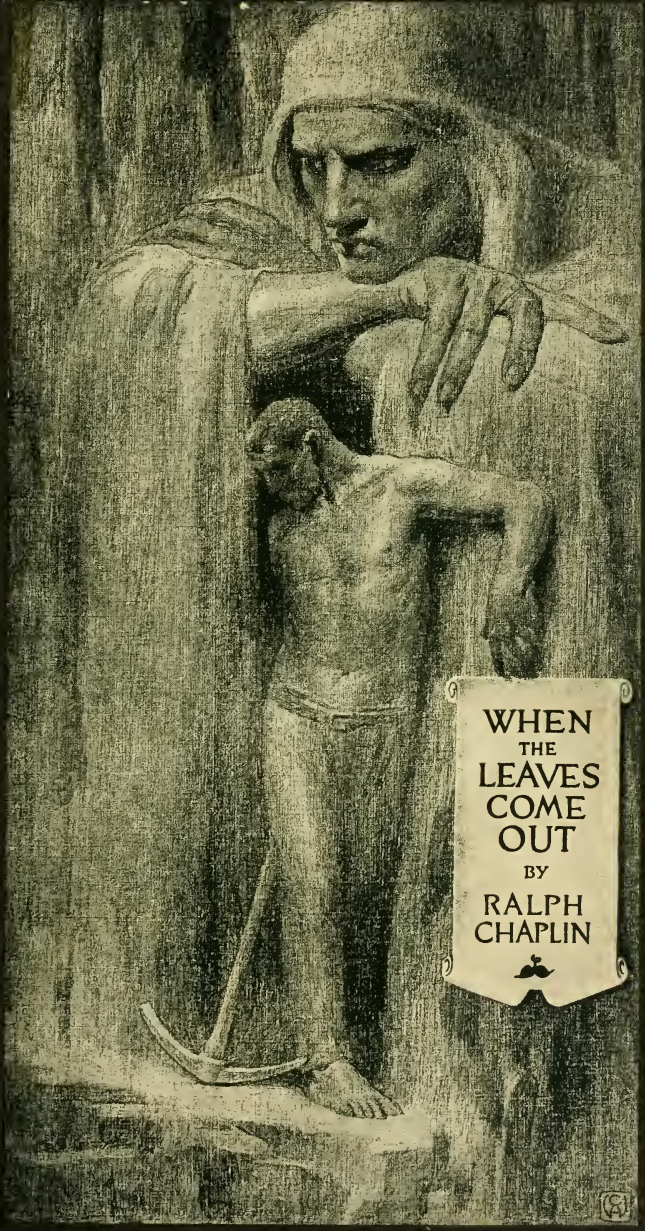
WHEN
THE
LEAVES
COME
OUT
BY
RALPH
CHAPLIN

# WHEN THE LEAVES COME OUT

# WHEN THE LEAVES COME OUT

AND OTHER REBEL VERSES

BY

RALPH CHAPLIN

CLEVELAND OHIO

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

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We are indebted to "The Masses" for the use of the beautiful Drawing by Charles A. Winter used on the cover of this book.
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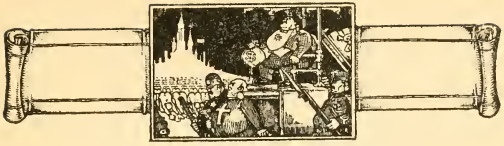


## SALAAM, YOU SCISSORBILLS

Serene, complacent, satisfied;
  Content with things that be—
The paragon of paltriness
  Upraised for all to see.
With loving pride he cherishes
  His Mediocrity!

The smirking, ass-like multitudes
  Cringe down at his command.
With wagging ears and blinded eyes
  They do not understand.
With pride they show each shackled wrist
  And on each brow the brand.

The young, the old, the great, the small
  Give homage—all supine.
Fond parents bring their children there
  As to some holy shrine.
And every one the Beast transforms
  From Human into swine!

Well praised are they—rewarded well—
  Who on their shoulders bore
The gilded Thing that all the mob
  Fawned in the dust before,
And each that did obeisance therez
  Was naked like a whore.

The poet with his teeming song,
The wise his deep-delved lore,
The maiden with her tender flesh,
The strong his sturdy store;
Each yielded all he had to give,
No harlot could do more.

Is there not one to share with me
The shame and wrath I own,
Is there not one to curse that Thing
Or pick up stones to stone—
To rend and wreck and raze to earth;
Or do I stand alone?

Raise high the swine-like incubus,
Obediently bow!
Shout down the voice of bold dissent
And wreath that brazen brow.
So blaze the banners, ring the bells—
Apotheosis now!

Go, grovel for the shoddy goods
And plod and plot and plan,
And if you win the paltry prize
Go prize it if you can,
But I would hurl it in your face
To hold myself a man!

I will not bow with that mad horde
And passively obey.
I will not think their sordid thoughts,
Nor say the things they say,
Nor wear their shameful liveries,
Nor branded be as they.

Nor can they bend me to their will
Though black their numbers swell,
Nor bribe with hopes of paradise
Nor force with fears of hell;
Me they may break, but never bend—
I live but to rebel.

I go my way rejoicingly,
I, outcast, spurned and low;
But undreamed worlds may come to birth
From seeds that I may sow,
And if there's pain within my heart
Those fools shall never know.

My kind but scorn your dull "success"—
Your subtle ways to "win,"
We eat our hearts in solitude
Or sear our souls with "sin";
Yet we are better men than you
Who fit so smugly in.

Then let me stand back silently,
The pageant passes by,
And live my life with "outcasts"
Whom your hands would crucify,
And laugh with mirth to see the mob
Do homage to a Lie!

## THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities,
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,
And our masters hope to keep us
Ever thus beneath their heels,
And to coin our very life-blood into gold.

CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free.
When the earth is owned by Labor
And there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten
Cringing meekly at their feet.
They would stand between each worker and his bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them
For the bitter crusts we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth,
  And the nightmare of the present fades away,
We shall live with Love and Laughter,
We, who now are little worth,
  And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

## THE WEST IS DEAD

What path is left for you to tread
  When Hunger-wolves are slinking near—
Do you not know the West is dead?

The "blanket-stiff" now packs his bed
  Along the trails of yesteryear.
What path is left for you to tread?

Your fathers, golden sunsets led
  To virgin prairies wide and clear.
Do you not know the West is dead?

Now dismal cities rise instead
  And freedom is not there nor here—
What path is left for you to tread?

Your fathers' world, for which they bled,
  Is fenced and settled far and near—
Do you not know the West is dead?

Your fathers gained a crust of bread,
  Their bones bleach on the lost frontier;
What path is left for you to tread—
  Do you not know the West is dead?

## WHEN THE LEAVES COME OUT

The hills are very bare and cold and lonely;
I wonder what the future months will bring?
The strike is on—our strength would win, if only—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

They've got us down—their martial lines enfold us;
They've thrown us out to feel the winter's sting,
And yet, by God, those curs can never hold us,
Nor could the dogs of hell do such a thing!

It isn't just to see the hills beside me
Grow fresh and green with every growing thing;
I only want the leaves to come and hide me,
To cover up my vengeful wandering.

I will not watch the floating clouds that hover
Above the birds that warble on the wing;
I want to use this GUN from under cover—
O, Buddy, ho I'm longing for the spring!

You see them there, below, the damned scab-herders!
Those puppets on the greedy owners' string;
We'll make them pay for all their dirty murders—
We'll show them how a starving hate can sting!

They riddled us with volley after volley;
We heard their speeding bullets zip and ring,
But soon we'll make them suffer for their folly—
Oh, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

Paint Creek, W. Va., 1913

## MAY DAY SONG

(Air: "Flag of the Free")

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,
  Welcome and honored on land and on sea.
Winter so drear must disappear,
  Fair days are coming for you and for me.
We, of the old world, building the New,
Ours is the will and the power to do;
  Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,
  Hated and feared by the powers that be!
In every land firmly we stand;
  Men of all nations who labor are we.
Under one banner, standing as one,
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.
  Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,
  Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!
Join in the throng, fearless and strong,—
  One mighty Union of world industry.
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.
  Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

## THE RED FEAST

Go fight, you fools, your needless, gainless strife
And spill each others guts upon the field!
Serve unto death the men you served in life
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag—the lie that still allures—
Lay down your lives for land you do not own.
And give unto a war that is not yours
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

Ah, slaves, you fight your masters' battles well—
The reek of rotting carnage fills the air!
Your swollen bodies yield their noisome smell,
Sweet incense to the ghouls who sent you there . . .

A feast of mothers' pain is here laid low
For swarming insects hovering on high.
Grey rats, red muzzled through the trenches go
Where your death-tortured features face the sky.

The maggots riot now on rotting men.
The grass is greener than it was before.
But as the dead cannot return again
The ones who live must wage another war.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won",
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,
For there your dismal tasks are still undone,
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill
Of scattered legions—what has been the gain?
Once more beneath the lash you must distil
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,
  In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil
  They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes till you see,
  And lash your naked backs until you know
That wasted blood can never set you free
  From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "Nation" is a name;
  That boundaries are things that don't exist;
That Labor's bondage, worldwide, is the same,
  And ONE the enemy it must resist!

Montreal, P. Q.
1914

## SABOTAGE

(Air: "Illinois")

There's a word of wond'rous meaning,
Sabotage, Sabotage,
There's a harvest ripe for gleaning,
Sabotage, Sabotage;
Though they gouge us as they will
In the shop or in the mill,
There's a power we have still,
Sabotage, Sabotage,
There's a power we have still,
Sabotage, Sabotage.

It's the lesson they have taught us,
Sabotage, Sabotage;
We will fight them as they fought us,
Sabotage, Sabotage,
There's a rotten hold-up game
"Exploitation" is its name,
We can "sabot" just the same,
Sabotage, Sabotage,
We can "sabot" just the same,
Sabotage, Sabotage.

There's a word that bears repeating,
Sabotage, Sabotage,
There's a force there's no defeating,
Sabotage, Sabotage,
With our backs against the wall,
Listen to our ringing call,—
Are we beaten? not at all,
Sabotage, Sabotage,
Are we beaten? not at all,—
Sabotage, Sabotage.

## WHAT THE SATYR SANG

A wild flood of images fills me,
  Dim pictures I cannot define;
An ecstatic wonderment thrills me,
  A loveliness dream-like, divine;
A maid in the mist-hazy heather—
  A world that can never be mine.

O maid of the mist-hazy heather,
  Diaphanous nymph of the night;
O come, let us hasten together
  To some hidden vale of delight.
The dark woods are dream-lands of shadow,
  The mist is the mantle of white.

Let us roam through the honey-sweet flowers
  As the scent-heavy petals unfold,
Let us harvest a bright sheath of hours
  While the wet moon is circled with gold.
Let us gambol and frolic and dally
  As we did on the hillsides of old.

A hot flood of eagerness fills me,
  More wond'rous than dream-working wine,
The far call of memory thrills me;
  My hand groping blindly for thine . . .
But the days of the Earth-Love have vanished—
  The world that can never be mine.

## PREPAREDNESS

For freedom die? But we were never free
Save but to drudge and starve, or strike and feel
The bite of bullets and the thrust of steel.
For freedom die! While we have eyes to see
How children writhe beneath thy crushing heel
And mothers shudder at the thought of thee!
For *freedom* die . . . ?

Defend the flag? Beneath whose reeking fold
The gunmen of our masters always came
To burn and rape and murder in thy name!
Defend a flag to profit gluttons sold—
Trade smirched until it is a thing of shame—
The bartered paramour of Greed and Gold—
*Defend* the flag . . . ?

Protect our land? We who are dispossessed,
And own not space to sleep in when we die!
"Our" land is held by haughty thieves on high—
The brood of vipers sheltered at thy breast.
Our "liberty" is but a loathsome lie;
We have no homes nor any place to rest—
Protect *our land* . . . ?

Resist the foe? *We shall!* From sea to sea
The vile invaders' battle line is thrown;
This is the workers' war and this alone,
To battle with the Thieves of Industry
Whose wealth is red with mangled flesh and bone.
Resist the foe? Ah, crush him utterly—
*Resist the foe* . . . !!!

## THE CONQUEST OF THE EARTH

The War is on—a growing storm against your outposts hurled.
It is no war of compromise; the death-flag is unfurled.
The armies of the dispossessed lay siege unto the world.
This is *our* war—our Holy War—the final Social Strife.
No mercy do we ask or give—no other prize but Life;
A war to win or lose the world—a battle to the knife.
Too long you gouged us one by one, and gloried in our fall,
Or when we fought dividedly you crushed us to the wall;
But now we know the hurt of one is injury to all.
No flags or tongues keep us apart; our creed is to be free.
The only Fatherland we have is world-wide Industry.
Where ere we toil we face the foe—our Common Enemy.
Too long we drudged like driven beasts beneath your iron sway;
Too long we faced, diverted, dumb, your hell-hounds in the fray;
Now WAR is on and YOU'RE the one to settle and to pay.
In One Big Union now we stand, the world to gain and own,
And in your beastly ugly face our battle-cry is thrown.
The earth with all its unborn wealth is OURS and ours ALONE.

Our weapons are "your" vast machines; they answer
to OUR call.
The hands that guide them rule the world—the
greatest force of all—
A power so mighty that it makes all other power
small.

What will you say when that Day comes, when on
the land and sea
Your sullen slaves have seen the Light of better times
to be,
And leave their tasks to toil no more until they can
be free?

When wheels and drills and looms will cease and each
tool idle stands,
And mines and mills and factories are silent in all
lands—
When you are driven forth to earn your living with
your hands?

Ah, do not drivel platitudes at anything we do,
The dirty weapons you have used will suit our
purpose too.
And we will pay you back in full *just as we learned
from you*!

For in our strong, hard hands we hold a sure, resistless
might,
More terrible than all your lies or guns and dynamite.
(What e'er is good for you is "wrong"; what's good
for us is "right.")

You kept us in uncertainty, heart-hopeless and
afraid.
You gave us cast-off crusts and rags, and claimed that
we were "paid,"
You blighted us to suit your needs, then mocked the
thing you made.

It seems the sight of your black deeds would daily
haunt your mind,
The bodies that you rob and wreck, the souls you
warp and grind;
But you grow greedier each day—more ravening and
blind.

In spite of ceaseless golden streams that in your cof-
fers pour—
More wealth than you can use or waste—you clamor
still for gore;
You gouge and squeeze and clutch and scream for
more and *more* and MORE.

Your narrow eyes see but the "game," your mouth
is hard with sneers.
The only time you'll feel the touch of human woe and
tears
Is when the sudden cyclone roars around your very
ears.

You boasted, swollen with your pride, "I am because
I am";
You flashed the scrawls that made you great—your
printed paper sham;
Take one long loving look at them; *they are not worth
a damn*!

They do not mean a thing to us; our hate-forged
strength is sweet,
And all your "holy" codes and "laws" we trample
with our feet;
Not all your lawyers, soldiers, priests can save you
from defeat.

For you're a loathsome outlawed thing—a greed-
fanged parasite,
An enemy of humankind without a single "right"—
The stolen plunder that you prize is ours to take on
sight.

You are like rattlesnake or vermin red with lust.
You are a mad-dog hot for blood that bites because it must;
A thing to spit upon and curse and stamp into the dust.

For your syphilitic sons would keep the Future Race in chains;
Grow fat in lustful luxury from hired hands and brains,
And drench the earth, as you have done, for greater, richer gains!

But we've declared a War on you—decreed that you must fall!
Do you demand that WE make some portion large or small?
You have no valid right or claim to ANY share at all!

War rages now beneath your walls—around your marble towers
Where you enjoy the bloody feast mid wine and song and flowers;
And soon we'll make your life and bread as safe as you made ours.

WE made the mills, WE dug the mines, WE laid the shining rails,
We filled those golden coffers full, we spread your Argo sails;
And now we sweep you from the earth with force that never fails.

For it is OURS and ONLY ours, this world is ours *alone*.
OURS are the hands that dug and reaped those riches heaven thrown.
We plant the Red Flag on it ALL and claim it as our own.

The torpid ages travailed long while systems died and grew,
Until the final hour struck that sounded DOOM for you;
You are the Past, the Dead, the Dust; we Heralds of the New.

We are the Herators of Time, not outcasts of despair—
The Builders of a gleaming world, the Future, calm and fair;
And we've starved through your dismal night to feast in plenty there.

We want this world for all who work—a heritage by birth;
We want as "pay" the fullest joy that Human Life is worth:
We therefore start the New Crusade the Conquest of the Earth.

From out the reeking hells of greed where we have delved and spun
We'll stream forth with a ringing song, the Final Battle won,
To find upon the fair green earth our place within the sun!

The War is on—a howling storm—against your fastness hurled.
Our battle-line now girts the globe, the death-flag is unfurled.
We, who have slaved and slept and bled, *shall soon possess the world*!

## TOO ROTTEN RANK FOR HELL

(Dedicated to the Journalistic Prostitutes of Capitalism)

The Devil stood, as a devil should,
  Near a pit of burning coals,
And without a word his red imps stirred
  A stew of dead men's souls.
And the caldron hubbled and bubbled and boiled,
And the red imps hurried and scurried and toiled,
And the vapors were whirling and curling that coiled
  From the stew of dead men's souls.

The soul of a witch and a red-eyed bitch
  That was born in a black eclipse.
A detective or two, were thrown into the stew,
  And the Devil smacked his lips.
A preacher, a pimp, and a boot-licking slave,
A bugger, a slugger, a light-fingered knave,
A "stool" and a ghoul who had opened a grave . . .
  And the Devil smacked his lips.

Said he "Make it rougher and ranker and tougher
  I am sick of the likes of these;
So they brought a mine-guard with his yellow-leg
    pard . . .
  No, something still rottener, please
"They're as shameless and nameless as any I meet,
And as foul as I make 'em or take 'em to eat,
But I now wish a lavishing, ravishing treat
  Of something still rottener, please."

So the red imps raced in hellish haste
To seek for the very worst.
And when in the stew *this* soul they threw . . .
The Devil groaned and cursed . . .
THAT . . . Newspaper-Truth-raper . . HERE . . .
at THIS time . . .!
The lecherous, treacherous creature of slime . . .!
The vomit-brained harlot all scarlet with crime . . .!!!
And the Devil groaned and cursed.

Now each poor imp has got to limp,
Their bruises ache and swell,
The soul they had was stinking bad—
Too rotten rank for hell!
And the caldron hubbled and bubbled and boiled,
And the Devil's ravishing treat was spoiled,
And he SHRANK from the vapors that curled and coiled—
TOO ROTTEN RANK FOR HELL!

## YOU PREACHERS OF "MORALS"

You bolster Exploitation with your creed
Though blood upon its whiplash never dries.
You do the work of hired thugs and spies;
Like them you serve the System for your "feed."
The World's great Wrong cries out: you do not heed,
But drivel rot with heaven-uplifted eyes,
Then creep away behind a cloud of lies
To kiss the palsied hand of murderous Greed.

This is the work for which you get your pay:
To keep the world unchanged in sullen "peace"
Where serf-men toil at tasks that never cease,
Heartbrokenly from bitter day to day—
The Crime upheld by preachers and police
Where Lust, unhindered, battens on its prey!

## "COME UNTO ME..."

(New York, 1914)

The night we came from out the drifting snow
The winds were bitter and the streets were drear;
You drove us forth who knew not where to go.

We homeless "bums" had watched the blizzard grow—
The ghastliest and wildest of the year—
The night we came from out the drifting snow.

But how could God's anointed ever know
What Hunger means when Want and Cold are near—
You drove us forth who knew not where to go.

We knew your piety for empty show,
But still your pillared church was warm with cheer
The night we came from out the drifting snow.

Some day an earth-uprooting storm may blow
Your haughty temples full of screaming fear—
You drove us forth who knew not where to go!

*Then you'll remember how you scoffed at woe*
*And met a plea for shelter with a sneer.*
*The night we came from out the drifting snow*
*You drove us forth who knew not where to go!*

## THE WARRIOR AND THE BEAST

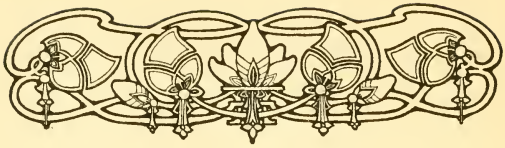
Guerrero's dead! with radiant face he strode
  Into the seething maelstrom of your hate,
And thronging thousands follow on the road
  To feed or crush the beast insatiate.
  For warriors die and glory in their fate
  And laugh at Death—at Death the desolate.

Guerrero dead? His name is dazzling light!
  For heroes slain are never heroes dead,
They live to guide their brothers in the fight,
  And tyrants fear when armies thus are led.
  So take those ghastly laurels from your head,
  But see! Your hands are dripping, dripping red.

Guerrero lives! This man you cannot kill,
  His deathless life illuminates the east,
His thousands quake your fastness on the hill;
  Live on! Live on! nor stop the blood-stained feast,
  A little longer live to learn at least
  That Mexico wants MEN, and not a BEAST.

Chicago, Illinois,
January the 22nd, 1911

The name "Guerrero" means "warrior" in Spanish. Porfirio Diaz is remembered commonly as "la vieja bestia"—the old beast.



## THE EUNUCH

(To those who will not, dare not, cannot—rebel.)

Once a Eunuch by the palace
In the fading sunset glow,
Felt the warm soft breezes blow;
Watched the fair girls of the harem
Idly saunter to and fro.

Saw he beauty young and lavish
Fierce to lure man's every sense . . .,
(Grim the Eunuch stood and tense.)
Laughingly the sparkling fountain
Mocked his bleak incompetence.

Came the Sultan from his hunting
Flaming with the zest of life;
(Laid aside were spear and knife;)
Came for wine and song and feasting,
Came to seek his fairest wife.

Opened then the marble portals;
Fragrant incense filled the air,
(Sandalwood and roses rare,)
While the girls with red-lipped languor
Scattered flowers everywhere.

Far away the fabled mountains
(Like some paradise of old)
Glowed with lavender and gold;
Tense the Eunuch stood and silent—
Tense and sullen, tense and cold.

Now a quick impotent fury
  Lashed him like a bronze-tipped cord.
  Sprang he at the youthful lord;
Sprang again with blade all bloody . . .
  (Famished lust and dripping sword!)
. . . . . .

Night crept on all chill and ghastly.
  Jackals trotted forth to bark.
  (Murder shuddered, still and stark . . .)
By the palace ceased the fountain
  And the whole grey world grew dark.

## RESPECTABILITY

You whitened sepulchre of Christian grace;
  You saintly, honored, holy—hideous thing!
  You smother Truth with raucous gibbering;
You hide your rotting sores with silk and lace;
You lavish loathsome gifts of gold and place
  On whorish fools who praise you as their king—
  Who crucify your foes while church-bells ring . . .
*But blest be they who spit into your face*!

Go, girt yourself with your dull panoply.
  Make sharp with thorns the paths *men* travel in.
  Upraise your blood-cry with infernal din—
You Larva of the Past, but, ah, for me,
  How better far to live with leprous sin
Than reek and rot with your innanity!

## SLAVES, TO THE SLAUGHTER!

The drums roll forth their summons,
The war-like bugles thrill,
From here and there and everywhere
The slaves are given arms to bear
Some other *slaves* to kill.

Each one must do his "duty"—
Must find warm blood to spill;
For "wrong" or "right," with dread or spite,
Although HE has no cause to fight;—
It is *his master's* will.

He leaves his wife or mother,
He learns to march and drill,
For wise men say, "Ah, haste the day
When you can stab and shoot and slay—
God bless you while—YOU KILL!"

They praise him in the papers
With patriotic swill;
They dress him in a gaudy suit
And teach him how to aim and shoot,
Then send him forth to—KILL.

The "lawful" zealots laud him,
(Their guarded codes are nil)
In accents loud they tell the crowd
That "lawful" murder is allowed;
It IS NO CRIME TO KILL.

He marches down the highway,
The cheers ring loud and shrill;
With deadly weapons in his hand
He leaves "his own dear native land"
Some corpse strewn trench to fill.

They lead him to the "enemy"
To prove his warlike skill;
He knows not who, he knows not why,
But some poor slave *has got to die*
For he is there—TO KILL.

Beneath his masters' banner,
Before his masters' hill,
Unto his masters' god he'll pray
(Slave seeking courage slaves to slay)
And aid "divine" to kill.

Then comes MACHINE MADE MURDER . .
The strongest hearts are still . . .
And many a slave has found a grave
In gory sod or a crimson wave—
YEA, OF HIS OWN SWEET WILL.

The workers have THEIR struggle—
Their war to wage—until
It comes to pass the workingclass
Beneath its OWN red flag shall mass,
The world with joy to fill.

Unite! unite! for your own fight,
In mine and shop and mill;
How better far such battles are
Than all the streaming ways of war
Where *slaves* fight *slaves* TO KILL!

## HEY! POLLY

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle")

The politician prowls around
For workers' votes entreating.
He claims to knows the slickest way
To give the boss a beating.

CHORUS

Polly, we can't use you, dear,
To lead us into clover;
This fight is ours and as for you,
Clean out or get run over.

He claims to be the bosses foe
On workers' friendship doting.
He says, "Don't fight while on the job,
But do it all by voting.

Elect Me to the office, boys,
Let all your rage pass o'er you;
Don't bother with your countless wrongs,
I'LL do your fighting for you."

He says that sabotage won't do,
(It isn't to his liking)
And that without HIS mighty aid
There is no use in striking.

He says that he can lead us all
To some fair El Dorado,
But he's of such a yellow hue
He'd cast a golden shadow!

He begs and coaxes, threatens, yells,
For shallow glory thirsting,
In fact he's but a bag of wind
That's swollen up to bursting.

The smiling bosses think he'd like
To boodle from their manger;
And as he never mentions STRIKE,
They know there is no danger.

And all the while he spouts and spiels
He's musing undetected
On what a helluva snap he'll have
When once he is elected!

## RETURNING

The scene is wan with fading light,
The trees are drooped in hazy dreams,
A far-off cottage window gleams—
A tiny beacon, lone and bright.

The evening sounds are faintly clear—
An echo of the workday strife,
While thrilling with a strange new life
A hidden bird is warbling near.

And one rough shadow, blurred and grey,
Creeps slowly on with feet of lead—
A slave who trudges home to bed
To rest him for another day.

He pauses as he passes by
To catch each liquid dream-like note;
A sob has risen in his throat
Somehow, without him knowing why. . .

## SOLIDARITY FOREVER

(Air: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration
Through the Workers' blood shall run
There can be no power greater
Anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker
Than the feeble strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

CHORUS

Solidarty forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common
With the greedy parasite,
Who would lash us into serfdom
And would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left for us
But to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies,
Built the cities where they trade,
Dug the mines, and built the workshops,
Endless miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand outcast and starving
'Mid the wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong!

All the world that's owned by idle drones,
Is ours and ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations,
Built it skywards stone by srone.
It is ours and not to slave in,
But to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions
That they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle
Not a single wheel can turn!
We can break their galling shackles—
Gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power
Greater than their greedy gold—
Greater than the might of armies,
Magnified a thousandfold;
We can bring to birth the new world
From the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong!

## THE PRAWBLEM SAWLVER

His pink fingers are SO pretty,
And he has a bright and witty
  Lofty brow!
Seems to think that we are slighting
All the wrongs we're really righting,
And that he does all the fighting,
  Telling how.

In a condescending manner,
He adopts the worker's banner
  As his own.
He descends into the gutter,
Where we sweat for bread and butter
Saying things we COULD NOT utter
  All alone.

While we work he does the grunting,
Always there for glory hunting,
  Large or small.
Has there been a row—he led it,
Some wise word?—old high-brow said it,
And he always hogs the credit
  For it all.

When WE speak it is with terror,
Lest an inadvertent error
  He detect.
Count the foibles he abolished,
All the gods he has demolished—
And his language is SO polished
  And correct!

Still I'm sure our friend so scathing
Loves our movement—as a plaything
New and rare.
He delights to solve each puzzle
That our common brains befuzzle,
And to pry his yellow muzzle
Everywhere.

We rejoice that he can love us
From the windy realms above us
Where he flies.
We poor dubs would never doubt him,
Not a single thing about him,
But how CAN we live without him
When he dies?

## THE MINE GUARD

You cur! How can you stand so calm and still
And careless while your Brothers strive and bleed?
What hellish, cruel, crime-polluted creed
Has taught you thus to do your master's will?
Whose traitor dole has damned your soul until
You lick his boots and fawn to do his deed—
You pander to his lust of boundless greed
And guard him while his cohorts crush and kill?

Your sneaking crimes are like a rotten flood—
The beating, raping, murdering you've done—
You sycophantic coward with a gun:
The worms would scorn your carcass in the mud;
A bitch would blush to hail you as a son—
You loathsome outcast, red with human blood!

## JOE HILL

Murdered by the authorities of the State of Utah,
November 19th, 1915

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs (laughter and tears);
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what Life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as nought, slander and shame.
We from the awful thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,
You, who were close to Death, seemed not to care.

White-handed, loathsome Power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in Labor's flower murderous claws!

Boastful, with leering eyes, blood dripping jaws;
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has drained your blood, white hands are wet.
We, of the "surging flood," NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill!

High head and back unbending "rebel true-blue,"
Into the night unending; why was it you?

## UP FROM YOUR KNEES

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!
What have ye gained by whines and tears?
Rise! They can never break our spirits
Though they should try a thousand years.

CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.
After the winter comes the springtime;
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains, strike off your fetters;
Beat them to swords, the foe appears . .
Slaves of the world arise and crush him—
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle,
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.
These are the times our fathers dreamed of
Toiled to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared, be not unworthy,
Greater the task when triumph nears.
Master the earth, O men of labor . . ,
Long have ye learned—a thousand years!

Over the hills the sun is rising,
Out of the gloom the light appears.
See at your feet the world is waiting,
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## THE GHOST WALKS

I wonder if you understand
  Why people always say,
"The ghost is walking" when you go
  To get your hard-earned pay?
About this thing your "pay," my lads,
  I've got a word to say:
'Tis but a "ghost" that flits about
  And always flies away.

It's true that with your horny hands
  You labor every day,
Yet you get nothing but a "ghost"
  To keep the wolf away.
You house the world and clothe the world
  And feed the world each day,
Yet you get nothing but a "ghost"
  To keep the wolf away.

Your bosses are well-fed and fat,
  Their smiles are blithe and gay.
They do not rob you with a gun,—
  They have a better way.
They have a better way, my lads,—
  They give a "ghost" for pay;
You toil and moil because you must,
  They rob because they may.

You see, the boss gives you a "job."
You get so much per day,
But you produce far more, my lads,
Than ever comes your way.
And of this "product of your toil,"
(I'm very sad to say)
*You give the "body" to the boss*
*And keep the "ghost" for "pay".*

But should you wish to change all this,
On some bright First of May
Demand your product on the job
The One Big Union way.
That is your rightful pay, my lads,—
The only "honest" pay;
The boss will then become the "ghost"
And soon he'll "walk" away.

## GOOD SLAVES AND SPRINGTIME

The whirring wheels go round and round,
The slaves speed on throughout the day.
More joyless, dreamless things than they
Could nowhere on the earth be found.

No other sight, no other sound,
No hope but thus to always stay.
The whirring wheels go round and round,
The slaves speed on throughout the day.

Outside, that mystery profound,
A breath of Spring from far away—
The world wakes at the call of May;
But here the master smiled or frowned,
The whirring wheels go round and round. . . .

## A MEMORY

I left you, you remember, singing there
  Beneath the swaying branches and the sky;
The breeze just stirred the sunlight in your hair,
  And back of you the stream went surging by.

Along the path the violets were wet
  And all the hillsides drenched with evening dew.
I strode on quickly that I might forget,
  But all the woods were eloquent of you.

Your fresh young beauty stabbed me like a knife;
  I seemed to breathe its fragrance everywhere.
I wondered from this mad black whirl of life
  How anything on earth could be so fair.

The fire-fly now darts his golden light;
  The river's barred reflections leap and twist;
The frogs tune up their chorus for the night
  And all the hills are melting into mist.

*You seemed the soul of days that used to be.*
  *That song of yours my mother loved of yore,*
*And as you sang it all came back to me—*
  *The dead America that is no more.*

## THE RUBAIYAT OF A HARVEST STIFF

Awake! the Harvest Hand has found its might;
The Red Book Boys have put the Foe to flight:
  And lo! a soft-pawed Sabo-Cat has caught
The "tight-wad" Boss who is no longer "tight."

For when the cock crew, as in days of yore
John Farmer hammered on the cowshed door;
  "Come on, you Bums," yelled he, "and go to work."
"Back up," we said, "we've heard that noise before!"

"Get up!" he howled, "a thousand Bums each day
Beg me for work and never mention pay."
  "Ah, yes, and when your dirty work is done
They pack their sweaty duds and fade away!

And those who harvested the golden grain
And toiled on through the summer heat and rain
  Will live on "flop-house" charity and soup
Until you call them to your fields again.

You sometimes think men should not go to bed
But rather toil until the east is red,
  Ah, you'd be happy if we served you thus,
And licked your boots for but a crust of bread."

Why should we toil till morning greets the skies
And let each farmer gouge our guts that tries;
  We learned our lesson, and we learned it hard
Before we had the brains to organize.

It's all a game—these fields we harvest in;
The "Scissor" loses ere he can begin.
  But SOLIDARITY is One Big Hand
That makes the Wobbly always sure to win.

The grindstone always grinds the "Scissors" nose,
For right or left as bids the Boss he goes.
  But ask some Wise One why he organized,
He knows the reason why—he KNOWS—HE knows!

The Moonlight Monster said, "We don't agree;
You take the wage I give or let it be!"
  "All right, old top, two bones and fifty cents
Will mean HEADS DOWN (we'll stack them right
      for three!")

There is no road too rough for Wooden Shoes;
(There is a Cat with CLAWS that never mews!)
  A little Direct Action on the job—
And God Almighty couldn't make us lose!

The Shoe that can with logic absolute
The "Scissor" slave and "Scissor" boss confute—
  The mighty Talisman that in a trice
Can Toil's Tin Wages into gold transmute.

So leave the Wind-Bags wrangle—let them be
To slaughter gods and spout philosophy;
  The Wobbly has the Way to get the Goods
And that's the thing that interests you and me.

For when John Farmer's crops are stacked up fine,
Then every single rebel down the line
  Can say (thanks to the Red Book and the Cat)
I've got my share, you "Scissors"—I've got mine!

And you, Good Slaves, who always prowl around
To work for "chuck" and sleep upon the ground,
  You cannot ride or eat or work with us;
The reason is WE WANT NO SCABS AROUND.

I heard a "shack" of some Wild Wobblies tell,
Christ, but they're rough; those Harvest Hands are
    Hell;—
  Beware of gangs that sing those rowdy songs . . .
(He's learned his lesson, boys, he'll treat us well.)

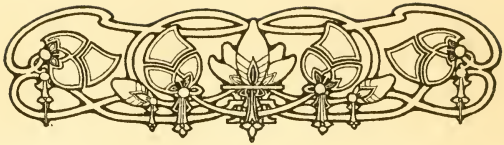
There are some "stick-up" mugs with fancy eyes,
And many a Sheriff, too, has been put wise;
  The old Town Clown respects us as he should—
Us Stick-Together Boys that organize.

And thou who didst with Poker and with Gin
Infest the Jungles I have slumbered in;
  You'll have to find some better way than this
To take away MY little store of Tin.

Once in the Harvest Field at Dusk of Day
A "Scissor" stiff toiled on—the "Scissor" way;
  I tapped him on his sweaty shirt and said:
"Ah, gently, Brother, gently pray.

Why work so hard for wheat you'll never taste?
(Next Winter in the Soup-Line you'll be placed.)
  So help us make John Farmer come across,
And if he doesn't, Brother, why make haste?

Ah, when his crop is in and you should pass
John Farmer's gate he'd kick you in the pants;
  So join us now and wear a Red Book, too,
And win the world for both yourself and class."
    HOOKUM HAT.



## MEXICO

O, how I long for you, golden-hued Mexico,
Cool of your mountains and mists of your streams!
Breathe I a song for you, flower-starred Mexico
Plaintively cruel with joy-tortured dreams.

Love thoughts endure of you, passionate Mexico;
Hot in my blood they are quivering yet.
Thrilled with the lure of you, legended Mexico,
Those who have seen you can never forget.

O, the bright gleam of you, sun-ravished Mexico,
Warm with a wonder divinely your own;
O, how I dream of you, odorous Mexico,
How like an exile I wander alone!

Humbly I burn to you, exotic Mexico,
Incense of love to your tropical sky.
I shall return to you, glorious Mexico,
Blessing my thralldom if only to die.

## THE JUNGLE STREAM

Dull fog—grey veil enfolding all,
  Dim buildings, lurid sunbeam kissed,
  A skyline rising into mist
  Where coiling vapors writhe and twist
And dismal dun-toned shadows fall.

Grim tugs that plow the grimy stream
  With waves cut fanwise by the keel;
  A bridge, etched bold in lines of steel
  And smudged with swarming crowds that reel
Like dizzy phantoms through a dream.

Damp breeze that brings a fetid smell,
  A roar that waxes loud and lulls.
  Far down below the grey-wing gulls
  Soar round the gloomy steamer hulls,
All blurred within a hazy hell.

The clanging clamour swells afar;
  The strife-worn mobs rush madly by;
  The ghostly city towers high,
  But, distant in the fading sky,
In holy silence gleams one star.

## THE SLAVE, THE NAUTCH GIRL AND THE COBRA

From the Spanish

Leap! spring! writhing thing!
  This hooded serpent crawls
Rhythmic at my command.
  Blaze burn!
  Great King!
Now silent evening falls
  Over the pallid sand,
  The pallid sand . . .
Come, wild one, twist and turn,
Heed that my grace you earn,
Haste that thy hate I learn,
  To madness fanned!

  Bend! swing! laughing, sing!
  Madder the music make—
Whirl like the wind and sway . . . !
  More fleet . . . !
  Great King,
See how my heart will break,
  Love her none other may.
  None other may!
Jeweled her tinkling feet,
Red are her lips and sweet,
Breasts where her girdles meet
  White as the moon are they . . .
  O, white are they!

Writhe! sting! deadly thing!
  Quick was his hooded head . . .
Self slain in anguish grand.
  Ah! see!
  Great King,
Behold him dead and still—
Dead on the pallid sand . . .
. . . . . .
*What with the fire in me,*
*Slave I can never be;*
*See me, then, dead or free*
  *By my own hand!*

## THE KANAWHA STRIKER

Good God! Must I now meekly bend my head
  And cringe back to that gloom I know so well?
  Forget the wrongs my tongue may never tell,
Forget the plea they silenced with their lead,
Forget the hillside strewn with murdered dead
  Where once they drove me—mocked me when I fell
  All black and bloody by their holes of hell,
While all my loved ones wept uncomforted?

Is this the land my fathers fought to own—
Here where they curse me—beaten and alone?
  But God, it's cold! My children sob and cry!
Shall I go back into the mines and wait,
And lash the conflagration of my hate—
  Or shall I stand and fight them till I die?

## WHAT HAPPENED IN THE HOLLOW

This story may of interest be, although its none too nice—
The story of a mine-guard thug who had to pay the price.
You know well, boys, the kind I mean, they'd steal an orphan's shoes
Or sell their mother's honor for a swig of rot-gut booze.
They are the watch-dogs, so its claimed, of property and life,
And yet they rob and rape and kill; grow prosperous on strife.
They carry "gats" to "get you" and "knucks" to crack your jaw
Yet live in fat security, protected by the "Law"—
The law that is for Parasites steel bars to clutch their prey
And for the workers of the world the Club that means "obey"!

This tale is of Kanawha when the strike was getting hot,
And some men worked and some men scabbed and many men were shot.
The men who scabbed were living hard, the men at work scabbed too,
Although they said "the 'contract' left them nothing else to do."
The men on strike resisted well, of that there is no doubt;

Though "union men" hauled in the scabs and hauled
the scab coal out.
The outside miners sent in grub and shoes and all
the like
And then went back into the mines and helped to
break the strike.
For these two things have always helped to keep us
in the ditch:
The "contracts" of our unions and the hirelings of
the rich.

Now Jurgot was this mine-guard's name (for treason
to his class
He had to pay) and you will hear just how it came
to pass.
They came to drive us from those shacks the Oper-
ators' own
And on the dusty county road our goods were being
thrown.
The Baldwins did the dirty work with Yellow-legs
on guard—
A bunch of low scab-herding curs before each miner's
yard!
And what was left for us to do but just to stand aside
And let them finish up the job—and swallow down
our pride?
They'd thrown us out—we knew they would—and
we could hit the pike,
Our masters could do everything except to break our
strike.
They had the courts, the guards, the guns, the earth
—without, within—
But we had one another and a fighting chance to win!

Bill Parson's house they came to last; it was the
farthest down,

And Bill they feared and hated more than any man
in town.
Bill had a fist as hard as rock, he measured six feet
two;
And we were kind of wondering to know what Bill
would do.
Big Gurgot came and banged his fist and rattled at
Bill's door;
The two had met and Gurgot burned to settle up the
score.
When Bill appeared he didn't seem to be surprised at
all,
His woman stood beside him there, and Buddy, slim
and tall.
"Come out of this, it's time to move; you've got no
business here!"
Said Jurgot, and he curled his lip into a wolfish
sneer. . . .
Bills fists were clenched, his knuckle bones were
slowly growing white.
His jaw was set, his eyes grew cold; we feared there'd
be a fight
Bill knew too well the penalty to play into their
game,
He sniffed and smiled an ugly smile, but came out
just the same.
We knew that this was hard for Bill—we knew it
made him sore,
For he had licked that Baldwin pup a time or two
before.
And we, we saw the bluish glint upon each army gun
We felt the menace of their lead and cursed them,
every one.
And we knew that somewhere handy a machine gun
stand was set

With the starry flag above it—to be used should we forget,—
And that somewhere chained and hidden with the yellow-legs in town
Were a dozen dainty blood-hounds that would gladly hunt us down.
Then two Kanawha cossacks came to where Bill Parsons stood,
They grabbed him tight on either arm to make sure he'd be good.
Said Bill, "Don't fret, I won't fight yet, I know what I'm about;
But wait till spring and hear me sing to see the leaves come out.
We'll make you pay, remember that, for all the dirt you do,
And when the hills are not so bare we'll settle up with you!"
The dough-boys knew what Bill meant, they gathered round him thick,—
The very thought of leafy hills would always make them sick.
And then it happened, that one thing that lashed us like a goad,
They took Bill's woman by the arm and dragged her to the road.
Big Jurgot jerked her brutally and swung her half around
And when she cursed him in her pain he knocked her to the ground. . . .
But Bill's boy Buddy, like a flash, sprang over where she fell;
"I'll fix you yet, you Baldwin cur, I'll send your soul to hell!"
Big Jurgot cowered back afraid of brave young Buddy's eye,

He knew that like a tiger cub the kid would fight and die. . . .
Then Bill took one terrific lunge straight at the rat-faced hound,
He smashed him square upon the eye and sprawled him to the ground!
Then all the mine-guards grappled Bill, before he could resist
They overpowered him and snapped a bracelet on each wrist.
And Jurgot, coward that he was, when helped back to his place,
He held his battered ugly eye and struck Bill in the face. . . .
We saw Bill's muscles bulge and strain, we saw him reel and sway.
They dragged him to the bull-pen then and locked him safe away.
We saw the cruel bluish glint upon each army gun,
We felt the menace of their lead and cursed them, every one.

From this time on we had no word, no single trace of Bill,
And now our tents were clustered at the bottom of the hill.
But in about a week, I think, one grey and rainy day
A striker came into our camp and said, "Bill's got away!"
Soon came the guards to look for him, and each one armed to kill;
Scab-herders came and yellow-legs, and each one after Bill!
It always happens just this way whenever slaves rebel.

The Powers that Be unloose on them the very scum of Hell!

We thought of how we'd like to go to help Bill get away
But knew their eyes and lights and guns were on us night and day.
We saw the wig-wam village of the tin-horn crew near by
And we knew the one of us that went was pretty sure to die.
That night we heard the baying dogs, a lonesome shot or two,
While Mrs. Parsons, horror-eyed, sobbed on the whole night through.
We heard the sentry's answering call, the brooklet gurgling near,
And red, red thoughts went through our brains, some dim and others clear.
But little Buddy, all alone bent over Bill's old gun;
He oiled it up and polished it—and waited for the sun.

The mine-guards came next morning and they brought Bill to the door,
They had him in a blanket that was spotted red with gore.
And Mrs. Parsons didn't weep as lots of women would
But she had such a look on her that made us wish we could.
She stroked Bill's white and rigid face, her eyes looked far away.....
Well! We all got together then we had a plan to lay.

When Jurgot came a swaggering up in front of every one

He had blood upon his khaki coat and powder on his gun.
"I said to him" he boasted loud "the hills or bull-pen which?
He took the hills and so did we, I fixed the son of a bitch!"
Then Buddy raised his father's gun, but Jurgot saw his game,
He quickly flashed his fourty two and took a steady aim.....
But Mrs. Parsons ran between and screamed "what would you do,
You've killed my Buddy's father; would you kill my Buddy too?"
Poor Bill! his wife and kid, O hell!—what can a fellow say;
It was this sight that made us glad that we had found a way.

That very night saw Jurgot drunk and saw him leave for town,
He had two barren hills to cross, we knew them up and down.
We knew his doom was settled for at some time soon or late
He'd have to leave the camp alone — and then he sealed his fate.
Our crowd they couldn't blame at all — they knew right where we were,
And none of us was paid to watch their profit-guarding cur.
The night grew very calm and still as on his way he went,
But nought seemed strange about our camp, each lamp was in its tent.
And he walked on in confidence as if he felt secure

With the strikers power broken and a trigger finger sure.
His "gat" was in his pocket, he could "legally" get by,
And the miners had to cringe before his hate-envenomed eye.
Why should he fear the living when he had not feared the dead
With a government machine-gun on the hill-top overhead?
We said "Don't fret, we'll get you yet; we know what we're about,
But we won't wait and starve our hate until the leaves come out
We'll make you pay, remember that, for all the dirt you've done,
And your black soul will be in hell before tomorrow's sun!"
He headed for the hollow and he swaggered as he went —
This martyr to his master's rifle-guarded twelve percent.

Next morning came the soldiers for to find out what we knew,
And of course we only asked them what in hell could miners do
When the hills are full of yellow-legs, their rifles full of lead
And a murderous machine-gun teaching caution overhead.
They pleaded with each one of us to kindly tell them all;
We 'lowed as how their friend got drunk and likely had a fall.
We saw that gleaming bluish glint upon each army gun

And we knew just what would happen, could they blame a single one,
We knew they'd have a carnival without a bit of doubt;
They always like to fight that way — before the leaves come out.
They laid some crafty traps for us to trip and stumble in,
But when we stick together, hell! How can we help but win?
They went away, without their prey—they could not gather toll;
Of all they do with bayonets they cannot dig for coal.
The coal that Nature planted there for folks like me and you
And not to yield up twelve percent to Mammon's favored few!

## THE ALARM

From the blackness of Toil's degradation
In the mine and the mill and the farm,
O'er the gulf of a dead generation
Comes the newly-born voice of Alarm.

'Tis the voice of the dead in the living,
An appeal to the brain and the arm,
'Tis the voices of murdered men giving
New life to the cry of Alarm.

Though the Tyrant is glutted and lustful,
And protected by law's mystic charm,
Yet his slumbering slaves are distrustful,
They have hearkened and heard the Alarm.

And he fears that his power is shaken
That was mighty to maim and to harm;
That his serf-men who slept will awaken
At the Call of Revolt—the Alarm;

That his world with its bleak desolation
Will be shattered by Labor's strong arm;
That the slumbering slaves of the nation
Will UNITE at the sound of Alarm.

## KISMET

You can't escape our scorn
  No matter how you try!
Blue-blood, patrician born,
  Proud and serene on high.
Big-bellied, overfed,
Gore-sucker, gourged and red,
Swollen with Labor's dead—
  You can't escape our scorn
  No matter how you try!

You can't escape our wrath
No matter how you try.
See! how it blocks your path,
  Too much alive to die;
We, whom you gouge today,
We, too, have found a way—
Soon we shall make you pay!
  You can't escape our wrath
  No matter how you try.

You can't escape our hate
  No matter how you try.
Hard seated by your gate,
  One of us doomed to die.
Think you our hands are loath?
Snarl out your final oath,
Earth cannot hold us both—
  You can't escape our hate
  No matter how you try!

You can't escape *your fate*
No matter how you try—
Red wrath and scorn and hate—
Nemesis ever nigh;
Nor can your gallow-tree
Hold back the rising sea,
YOU'VE NO EXCUSE TO BE—
You can't escape your fate
No matter how you try!

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